

oh yeah  
things change  
things that were once a part of my life  
and now are a safety hazard.  
some were about money  
some were about ignorance  
and some were about more fun.

i remember riding in the back of a pickup truck  
that needed new tires  
and a paint job  
with a back window that was a sheet of plastic  
laughing in the wind  
and rush of passing images.  
it was our responsibility as children  
not to fall out  
or let our hunting dog fly out into the air  
after the stray cat temptation on the sidewalk.

if you wanted to go  
you could not dwell on fate...  
the fate of being left behind for the possibility  
that it could be a one way ride.

the fate of being left behind.  
wf.h.  
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